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Chapter 1

Tigerclaw's blood-thirsty secret had finally been revealed by Fireheart. Bluestar had not yet believed him until she was almost killed by Tigerclaw himself. So she banned him from Thunderclan territory, and was left without a deputy.

"Let all cats old enough to catch their own prey gather beneath the high ledge for a clan meeting." Warriors, apprentices, and elders made their way to Bluestar. "It's time I appoint a new deputy. As you all know, Tigerclaw has tried to kill me for leadership-until Fireheart stopped him, saving me- so Tigerclaw was exiled from Thunderclan. He is no longer our clanmate, but our enemy. If you see him anywhere near our territory, report it to me at once! Now, my new deputy! Fireheart, you have been one of the most loyal cats I've ever know. Will you do Thunderclan a favor, and be my new deputy?" Fireheart felt warm all over. "Of course Bluestar." Bluestar stepped forwards and touched her muzzle to his. "I know you will serve your clan well." she praised.

Chapter 2

"Okay. Longtail, you lead a hunting patrol near sunning rocks. Take Swiftpaw, Sandpaw, and Whitestorm. Willowpelt, lead a Windclan border patrol. Take Mousefur, Graystripe and Brackenpaw, and Darkstripe. Cinderpaw, you're going to do some battle training with me." Fireheart ordered.

Cinderpaw bounced with excitement. "Are we gonna learn some really cool stuff?" she squeaked. "You will learn. I already learned my moves and now as your mentor, I must pass them onto you. After a while of battle training, Fireheart sent Cinderpaw off to rest. He decided he would do a little bit of hunting on his own. So, he scanned the area for any prey scuttling around. *Squirrel*! Fireheart got down into a hunters crouch and stalked his prey. As he crept forwards, he heard a rustling in the bushes. "Who's there?' he growled. No answer. So he just continued to hunt down his prey. *Crack*! Something snapped and scared off his prey. "Who's.." before he could finish, an old, dark gray she-cat pounced at him, fore-arms flailing at Fireheart. "Who are you!" she yowled while pinning him to the ground. "I'm...Thunderclan's Deputy!" he grunted as he slipped under, and knocked her to the ground. But she still fought back. "Stop!" he ordered. The skinny she-cat just growled at him, shaking dust off her pelt, ready for more."You're not my deputy! So I don't take orders from you!" "You're not in good condition to fight me. Just stop, and I will take you to Bluestar, my leader. We shall know why you are on our territory." he retorted. She simply rolled her eyes and followed stubbornly, weak from hunger and no sleep.

"Bluestar?" Fireheart ventured deeper into his leader's den. "Yes, Fireheart?" she grunted, waking up from her nap. "I was hunting and found someone. I don't know who she is though... we didn't quite get to that." he meowed. The she-cat stepped forward. "I am Yellowfang, former medicine cat of Shadowclan. I left because I no

longer could live under Brokenstar's rule. So I left, and I guess I wandered too far and ended up in your territory....." Bluestar examined her. "Welcome to Thunderclan. You are welcome to stay for as long as you need. But until now, Fireheart?" Fireheart looked at Bluestar. "Yes?" Bluestar nodded towards Yellowfang. "She is your responsibility until she has a place here. now, both of you, go get prey, and clean up! You smell almost as bad as mouse bile!" Bluestar twisted her face. "And Fireheart. You and I will talk more about this later." Fireheart nodded.

Okay. So I have to do my job as a deputy, a mentor and take care of Yellowfang. That should be pretty easy.....I think Fireheart thought.

Chapter 3

"Fireheart! Where are you? I have a tick that's not coming off by itself!" Yellowfang yowled. Fireheart trotted over to where the grumpy she-cat was laying down. He examined her pelt, looking for the tick she had mentioned, and spotted it. Applying mouse bile, he bit off the tick, twisting his face at the smell. "There. And by the way..." Fireheart started. "You're my responsibility, which does not mean I'm your apprentice, and you tell me what to do!" he growled. Yellowfang just glared at him with a smile on her face. "Thanks." she meowed.

Fireheart headed to Spottedleaf's den. He had a thorn in his pad that was killing him. Spottedleaf- Thunderclan's medicine cat- was sorting her herbs when she saw Fireheart approaching her den. As she tried to breathe in his scent, her face scrunched at the smell of mouse bile on Fireheart's paws, which was blocking his scent. "Quite charming" she sniffed. "Ha ha, very funny! I had to pull ticks off of Yellowfang. She's my responsibility since I found her. But to Yellowfang, I'm her apprentice- and she can tell me what to do." he grunted. Spottedleaf purred, her eyes full of amusement. "Thorn in your paw again?" she asked. Fireheart nodded. "Clean your paws in the stream before I do anything!" Fireheart glared at her, amused, but did as she said and washed his paws in the stream. As she licked his paw, to loosen the thorn, he noticed her scent had changed. It was warmer, but still her sweet, unforgettable scent.

All the patrols he sent out that morning had just got back, as he headed out of her den, her scent, still filled his nostrils. "Look Fireheart! I caught a squirrel and a mouse!" his apprentice squeaked. "She did well." Whitestorm praised. "Great job!" he turned to Whitestorm. "Thanks again Whitestorm for taking her out hunting with you. I didn't wanna leave the thorn in my paw untreated." Whitestorm simply gave a respectful nod. But he didn't just go because of the thorn, he also wanted to see Spottedleaf. No one yet knew it, but Fireheart and Spottedleaf had an unbreakable bond. One that would last forever.

Chapter 4

That night, Fireheart decided to go see Spottedleaf. As he headed to her den, he tried to be as quiet as possibly. He didn't want to wake up the whole clan and get questioned. "Spottedleaf?" he whispered. As he look around, Spottedleaf peaked out of her den. "I thought you might come." she smiled. "Wanna go for a walk...?" Fireheart stuttered. Spottedleaf blinked in agreement.

As Spottedleaf and Fireheart padded side by side, their pelts together as they walked Spottedleaf started to purr. "I know I'm a medicine cat..... but I love you so much. It will just be one night. You and I together. Life isn't long enough for everyone, and when the time comes, I will wait for you in Starclan forever." Fireheart blinked, feeling compassion take over his body. Moving closer, he rubbed his muzzle to hers. "Tonight, we will be together. In secret and no one will know."

That night, Spottedleaf and Fireheart were together in peace. No warrior duties, or patients to heal. They were able to be free together and let there love shine like the stars,

As the night was coming to an end, Fireheart blink awake, wrapped around Spottedleaf. She was purring as she began to wake up. "I had the best dream ever. I had your kits. And I was a warrior with you. We lived til we met each other in Starclan, still loving one another."

Fireheart blinked sadly. "For now, we must keep our secret. you are a medicine cat. And you must keep any secret we hold, for I will keep it forever. Anything to keep you safe my love." Fireheart rubbed his muzzle to her cheek. Spottedleaf purred. "I love you Fireheart." Fireheart licked her ear gently. "I love you too."

Chapter 5

Fireheart headed back to his den, and spotted Bluestar padding towards him. "Where were you?" she meowed, amusement edging her meow. "I was..just taking a night walk...." he stuttered. Bluestar blinked, examining him. "You smell like.... Spottedleaf." Bluestar meowed, suspiciously. "I had another thorn in my paw. They love me!" Fireheart lied. Bluestar curiously glared at him. "Off you go now! Organize patrols. I will lead one." she ordered. Fireheart gave a respectful nod.

"It is time I organize patrols! Warriors and apprentices, gather below me. We we will have two hunting patrols. Our fresh kill pile has been, decreasing in size.... and two border patrols. Some apprentices may not be with their mentor though." Fireheart explained. The apprentices and their mentors blinked at each other. "Whitestorm, lead a border patrol on Shadowclan. Bring Sandpaw, Mousefur, and Longtail. Bluestar will lead a Windclan patrol border with Dustpaw, Swiftpaw and Graystripe. The rest of you gather in to two groups-one with me-and go hunting." Fireheart ordered. "Off you go now!" Bluestar meowed.

A Fireheart and his patrol neared the sunning rocks, he heard a twig snap. "Squirrel!" he whispered. Ravenwing stepped forwards, crouching low, tail balanced and he began to stalk his prey. In one pounce and bite, his prey, was fresh kill. Fireheart praised a grateful nod. "Nice kill!" Cinderpaw meowed, amusement edging her tone. "Me and Willowpelt are going to go near sunning rocks." Runningwind meowed. Fireheart nodded.

As all the patrols came back, the second hunting patrol were praising Brakenpaw with how good he was hunting. He caught a squirrel and two mice. "Bluestar?" Bluestar looked at Fireheart. He pointed his tail towards Brakenpaw. Bluestar nodded. "Let all cats old enough to catch their own prey gather beneath the high ledge for a clan meeting. Brakenpaw, please step forward." Braken bounced with excitement as he dashed towards Bluestar.

"Brakenpaw has done well as an apprentice. Hunting and fighting, and he deserves to become a warrior. I, bluestar, leader of Thunderclan, call upon my warriors ancestors to look down on this apprentice. He has trained hard to learn the ways of your noble code, and I commend him to you as a warrior in his return. Brakenpaw, do you promise to uphold the warrior code, and to protect and defend your clan, even at the cost of your life?" Bluestar meowed. Braken pawed nodded happily. "I do!" "Then by the powers of Starclan, I give you your warrior name. Brakenpaw, from this moment you will be known as Brakenfur. Starclan honors your courage and I welcome you as a full warrior of Thunderclan!" Brakenfur! Brakenfur! Brakenfur! The clan was yowling for him.

As Bluestar finished Dustpaw and Sandpaw's ceremony, Fireheart felt Sandstorm's gaze on him. Her gentle eyes, looking into his. Fireheart blinked, congratulating her. Thunderclan was doing quite well. With three new warriors, they were unstoppable!

Chapter 6

As Fireheart padded away from the high ledge, he saw Cinderpaw bounding over to him. "Fireheart? When will I become a warrior?" she meowed, sadly. "Soon. Don't worry Cinderpaw! You will be into the warrior's den in no time! I know you will make a fine warrior." he reassured her. Cinderpaw blinked gratefully and dipped her head as she fled away towards the apprentice's den. Spottedleaf padded up to him. "At least she's not alone. She still has Swiftpaw." she reminded him. "Oh and Fireheart. May I speak with you?" Fireheart nodded. "What about?" Spottedleaf led him to her den. "My love you must keep this secret safe. You must tell no one!" Fireheart blinked and nodded slowly. "You are the father to our kits!" Fireheart jumped and let out a squeal of excitement. "That's wonderful!" he purred. A moment later, Fireheart face looked as if a fox were in front of him. "Yes. I know my love. Any punishment is mine and mine only to take." Spottedleaf meowed, between licks. Fireheart gave her nose a gentle lick. "I love you Spottedleaf. And I can't wait to raise your kits. If we must be punished to do so, I will take it all." Fireheart and Spottedleaf purred together, as the sun began to fade.

"Fireheart?" Bluestar meowed. "Yes, Bluestar?" Fireheart padded to where Bluestar was cleaning herself. "I want to talk to you. It's about Spottedleaf." Fireheart's heart dropped. *Did she know our secret?* "I know you spend a lot of time with Spottedleaf, Starclan knows why, but she has been acting.... sluggish. Do you know why?" *Yes. It's because she is carrying my kits!* ?"Um.... she.... has a cold. But she said she will be fine soon so yeah..." Bluestar gave him a suspicious look. "Yeah... okay thanks, Fireheart. Oh and make sure to give Cinderpaw some extra battle training. I think she is almost ready to become a warrior as well as Swiftpaw." Fireheart blinked in agreement and dipped his head.